(3) 13.

THE CHARACTER OF A LONDON DIURNALL.

13.
Printed in the Yeare 1644.

THE CHARACTER OF A LONDON DIURNALL.

A *Diurnall* is a puny Chronicle, scarce pin-feather'd with the wings of time: It is an History in *Sippets*; the English *Iliads* in a Nut-shell; the *Apocryphal* Parliaments booke of *Maccabees* in single sheets. It would tyre a Welch-pedigree, to reckon how many aps 'tis remov'd from an Annal: For it is of that Extract, onely of the younger House, like a Shrimp to a Lobster. The *originall sinner* in this kind was Dutch, *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the *moderne Mercuries* but *Hans-en Kelders*. The Countesse of *Zeeland* was brought to Bed of an Almanack; as many Children, as dayes in the yeare. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that Lynage; for she spawnes the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster* take them in Adoption, by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britanicus*.

Britannicus. In the Frontispice of the old *Beldame-Diurnall*, like the Contents of the Chapter, sits the House of Commons, judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them, the Kingdomes Anatomy before the weekly Kalender. For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the Common-wealth. 'Tis taken for the Pulse of the Body-Politique, and the Emperick-Divines of the Assembly, those spirituall *Druggoners*, thumbe it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Pamphlet*, and those grave *Rabbyes* (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The Country-Carryer, when he buyes it for their Vicar, miscalls it the *Urinall*: yet properly enough; For it casts the water of the State, ever since it staled bloud. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devill and his Exorcist; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravell her inchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a Law stillborne; dropt, before quickned by the Royall assent: 'Tis one of the Parliaments by-blowes, (Acts onely being legitimate) and hath no more Syre, then a Spanish Gennet, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its Patron, *Mars*) is the issue onely of the Mother, without the concourse of royall *Jupiter*.

Yet Law it is, if they Vote it, though in defiance to their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his Clock went true, what ever the Sunne said to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is Plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull Sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her Smock. How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdome, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much, as a Cushion? But Actours must have their Properties; And, since the Stages were voted downe, the onely Play-house is at *Westminster*.

Suteable to their Plots are their Informers; *Skippers* and *Taylours*; Spaniells both for the Land and the Water: *Good conscionable* Intelligence! For, however *Pym's* Bill may inflame the Reckoning, the honest Vermyn have not so much for Lying, as the *Publique Faith*.

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Morefields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of Church Government, by the help of his out-lying Eares, and the *Ostaconsticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a Plot, that *Selden* intends to combate Antiquity, and maintaine it was a Taylours Gosse, that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-Traytor'd for dealing with the Lions, to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would doe well to cramp the Articles Dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming those Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their prophane names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a Corne-cutter, being to give little *Isaack* a cast of his Office, should fall to pareing his Browes, mistaking the one end for the other; because he branches at both. This would be a Plot; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the Question, that this Act of the Corne-cutters was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter, in the *representative* Forehead of *Isaack*. Resolved, that the evill Councellors about the Corne-cutter are Popishly affected, and Enemies to the State. Resolved, that there be a publicke Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaack's* Brow-antlers; and a solemne Covenant drawne up, to defye the Corne-cutter and all his workes.

Thus the *Quixotes* of this Age fight with the Windmills of their owne Heads; quell Monsters of their owne Creation; make Plots, and then discover them; as who sitter to unkennell the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their Adventures; the *Roundheads* Legend, the Rebells Romance; Stories of a larger size, then the Eares of their Sect; able to strangle the Beliefe of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le present them in their order; and first, as a Whiffeler before the show, enter *Stamford*; one that trod the Stage with the first, travers'd his ground, made a legge and *Exit*. The Countrey People took him for one, that by Order of the Houses was to dance a Morice through the West of *England*. Well, hee's a nimble Gentleman; set him but upon *Bankes* his Horse in a Saddle Rampant; and it is a great question, which part of the Centaure shewes better tricks.

There was a vote passing to translate him, with all his Equipage, into Monumentall-Gingerbread: but it was cross'd by the Female-Committee, alleadging that the valour of his Image would bite their Children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and an halfe of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnall*, routed his Enemyes fifty Miles off: 'tis strange you'le say; and yet it is generally beleived, he would as soone doe it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented; that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlatives*, might both worke at the same removes.

But the Squibbe is run to the end of the Rope. Roome; for the *Prodigy* of *Valour*; *Maddam Atropos* in breeches *Wallers* Knight-errantry: and, because every *Mountibanke* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haslerigge*, to set off his story: these two, like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worshipped in the same Chapter: they hunt in their Couples what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heele.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalmes, with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up, as the Saints-Bell.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hoptons* Soule tooke the Lease of his Body.

First,

First, *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killd that halfe a Barre: and yet it is thought the fullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these Man-slayers never so neare it.

The fame goes of a *Dutch* Heads-man, that he would doe his Office with so much ease and Dexterity, that the Head after Execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slaine for him, to us poore Mortals seem untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of Death can kill the Man, without wounding the Body, like lightning, that melts the Sword and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conqueroure*; This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls delight*; he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he stalkes with *Essex*, and shootes under his Belly, because his Oxcellency himselfe is not charged there. Yet in all this Triumph there is a whip and a Bell: Translate but the Scene to *Round-way-downe*: There *Haslerigg*: Lobsters were turnd into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards; there poore Sir *William* ranne to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the Arme of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwell*, one that hath beate up his Drummes cleane through the Old Testament: you may learne the Genealogy of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment: The Muster-Master uses no other List, then the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themselves intertaine such an Army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwell* is never so valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association, which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously, with his

Neck

Neck awry, holding up his Eare, as if he expected *Mahomets Pidgeon* to come, and prompt him: He should be a Bird of Prey too, by his bloody Beake: his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glisters: What we wonder at in the rest of them, so naturall to him; to kill without Bloodshed: For most of his Trophees are in a Church-Window; when a Looking-Glasse would shew him more superstition: He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced Gods in his owne Countenance: If he deale with Men, it is when he takes them napping in an old Monumente Then downe goes Dust and Ashes. And the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver*! Times voyder, Sub-sizer to the Wormes; in whom Death, that formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chewes the Cud: He sayd Grace once, as if he would have falne aboard with the Marquisse of *Newcastle*: Nay, and the *Diurnall* gave you his Bill of Fare; But it prov'd but a Running Banquet, as appeares by the Story. Believe him as hee whistles to his *Cambridge Teeme* of Committy-men; and he doth Wonders. But Holy men (like the *Holy language*) must be read backwards. They rifle Colledges, to promote Learning; and pull downe Churches for Edification. But Sacrisedge is entailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for Cathedralls, as well as Abbyes: A secure sinner, whose offence carries its Pardon in its Mouth: For how can he be hang'd for Church-robbery, which gives it selfe the Benefit of the Clergy.

But for all *Cromwells* Nose weares the Dominicall Letter, yet compared with *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an Holy-day. This, this is the man of God; so sanctified a Thunder-bolt, that *Burrowes* in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lords of Hosts*, would stile him the *Arch-Angell*, giving Battle to the Divell.

Indeed

Indeed as the Angels, each of them makes a severall *Species*; so every one of his Souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts beene to enter the Arke, it would have puzled *Noah* to have sorted them into Paires. If ever there were a Rope of Sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but that they are all *Adamites* in Vnderstanding: It is the signe of a Coward, to *winke* and *Fight*; yet all their Valour proceedes from their *Ignorance*.

But I wonder whence their Generals Purity proceedes; it is not by *Traduction*: if he was begotten Saint, it was by Equivocall Generation: for the Devill in the Father, is turn'd Monke in the Sonne; so his godlinesse is of the same Parentage with good Lawes; both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Texts, and say to Corruption, Thou art my *Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdoms eyes, by clouding our Mother-Vniversity, and (if the Scotch-mist further prevaile) will extinguish this other: He hath the like quarrell to both; because both are strung with the same *Optick Nerve*, *knowing Loyalty*! Barbarous Rebell! who will be revenged upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall* as yet hath not talk't much of his Victories: but there is the more behind: For the Knight must alwaies beat the Gyant; That's resolv'd. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnall* hath a Help at Mawe; It is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet*, or Brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*; and it goes downe merrily.

There are more Puppets, that move by the Wyre of a *Diurnall*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his Petty-toes, such sniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call

themselves, was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth as in all other things he resembles the beast, he would have odds of any man at the weapon; O he's a terrible slaughterman at a Thanksgiving Dinner, had he been a *Cannibal* to have eaten those that he vanquish'd, his gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace? Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State Sophies* distinguish) in his Politique Capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeale of the House he sate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the Adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Weed-Monger* too, a feeble crutch to a declining cause, a new Branch of the old *Oake* of *Reformation*.

And now I speake of Reformation, *vous avez Fox*, the Tinker; the liveliest Emblem of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever goe about to reforme, but Tinker-wise, in mending one Hole they made three.

But I have not Inke enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-wormes of the State.

I will close up all thus. The Victories of the Rebells are like the Magicall combate of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had slaine three of his Enemies, found them at last, but a Triumvirate, of Bladders. Such, and so empty, are the Triumphs of a *Diurnall*: but so many impostumated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own Blowing.

FINIS.

142503